

*Cas.* Which is the Queene of Egypt.  
*Dol.* It is the Emperor Madam.  
*Cas.* Arise, you shall not kneele:  
 I pray you rise, rise Egypt.  
*Cleo.* Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,  
 My Master and my Lord I must obey.  
*Cas.* Take to you no hard thoughts,  
 The Record of what injuries you did vs,  
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
 As things but done by chance.  
*Cleo.* Sole Sir o'th' World,  
 I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well  
 To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue  
 Bene laden with like frailties, which before  
 Haue often sham'd our Sex.  
*Cas.* *Cleopatra* know,  
 We will extenuate rather then inforce:  
 If you apply your selfe to our intents,  
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde  
 A benefitt in this change: but if you seeke  
 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking  
*Antonies* course, you shall bereaue your selfe  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which I leaue them from,  
 If thereon you relye. He take my leaue.  
*Cleo.* And may through all the world: tis yours, & we  
 your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.  
*Cas.* You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.  
*Cleo.* This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels  
 I am posselt of, tis exactly valewed,  
 Not petty things admitted, Where's *Selencus*?  
*Selen.* Heere Madam.  
*Cleo.* This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)  
 Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd  
 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Selencus*.  
*Selen.* Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,  
 Then to my perill speake that which is not.  
*Cleo.* What haue I kept backe.  
*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you haue made known  
*Cas.* Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue  
 Your Wisedome in the deede.  
*Cleo.* See *Cas.*: Oh behold,  
 How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,  
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 The ingratitude of this *Selencus*, does  
 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust  
 Then loue that's hyrd? What goest thou backe, y' shalt  
 Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes  
 Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.  
 O rarely base!  
*Cas.* Good Queene, let vs intreat you.  
*Cleo.* O *Cas.*, what a wounding shame is this,  
 That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,  
 Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse  
 To one so mecke, that mine owne Seruant should  
 Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by  
 Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cas.*)  
 That I some Lady trifies haue referu'd,  
 Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie  
 As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say  
 Some Nobler token I haue kept apart  
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce  
 Their mediation, must I be vnfolded  
 With one that I haue bred: The Gods! is smites me  
 Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Cleo. kneeles.

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits  
 Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,  
 Thou would'st haue mercy on me.  
*Cas.* Forbeare *Selencus*.  
*Cleo.* Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought  
 For things that others do: and when we fall,  
 We answer others merits, in our name  
 Are therefore to be pittied.  
*Cas.* *Cleopatra*,  
 Not what you haue referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd  
 Put we'th Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,  
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleue  
*Cas.* no Merchant, to make prize with you  
 Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,  
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,  
 For we intend so to dispose you, as  
 Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:  
 Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,  
 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.  
*Cleo.* My Master, and my Lord.  
*Cas.* Not so: Adieu. *Flourish.*  
*Exeunt Cas.*, and his Train.  
*Cleo.* He words me Gyrls, he words me,  
 That I should not be Noble to my selfe.  
 But hearken thee *Charman*.  
*Iras.* Finishe good Lady, the bright day is done,  
 And we are for the darke.  
*Cleo.* Hye th e againe,  
 I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,  
 Go put it to the halfe.  
*Char.* Madam, I will.  
*Enter Dolabella.*  
*Dol.* Where's the Queene?  
*Char.* Behold sir.  
*Cleo.* Dolabella.  
*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command  
 (Which my loue makes Religion to obey)  
 I tell you this: *Cas.* through Syria  
 Intends his journey, and within three dayes,  
 You with your Children will be send before,  
 Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd  
 Your pleasure, and my promise.  
*Cleo.* Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.  
*Dol.* I your Seruant:  
 Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cas.* *Exit*  
*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.  
 Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?  
 Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne  
 In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues  
 With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall  
 Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,  
 Ranke of grosse dyer, shall we be enclouded,  
 And forc'd to drinke their vapour.  
*Iras.* The Gods forbid.  
*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras*: sawcie Lictors  
 Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers  
 Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians  
 Extemporally will stage vs, and present  
 Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*  
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse  
 I'th' posture of a Whore.  
*Iras.* O the good Gods!  
*Cleo.* Nay that's certaine.  
*Iras.* Ile neuer see't? For I am sure mine Nalles  
 Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

*Cleo.* Why that's the way to foole their preparation,  
 And to conquer their most absurd intents.  
*Enter Charmian.*

Now *Charmian*.  
 Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch  
 My best Attires. I am againe for *Cidrus*,  
 To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go  
 (Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,)  
 And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue  
 To play till Doomeyday: bring our Crowne, and all.  
*A noise within.*

Wherefore's this noise?

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guards.* Heere is a rurall Fellow,  
 That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,  
 He brings you Figges.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*

What poore an Instrument  
 May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:  
 My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing  
 Of woman in me: Now from head to foote  
 I am Marble constant: now the fleeing Moone  
 No Planet is of mine.

*Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.**Guards.* This is the man.*Cleo.* Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worrne of Nylus there,  
 That kills and paines not?

*Clow.* Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-  
 tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is  
 immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-  
 uer recouer.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

*Clow.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of  
 one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-  
 man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not  
 do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-  
 ting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie  
 good report o'th' worrne: but he that wil beleuee all that  
 they say, shall neuer be faued by halfe that they do: but  
 this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence, farewell.*Clow.* I wish you all ioy of the Worme.*Cleo.* Farewell.*Clow.* You must thinke this (looke you,) that the

Worme will do his kinde.

*Cleo.* I, I, farewell.*Clow.* Look you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,

but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is

no goodnesse in the Worme.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.*Clow.* Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it

is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eate me?*Clow.* You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know  
 the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that  
 a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her  
 not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods  
 great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they  
 make, the diuels marre fise.*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.*Clow.* Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit**Cleo.* Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue

Immortall longings in me. Now no more

The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.

Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare

*Anthony* ca  
 To praise  
 The lucke  
 To excuse  
 Now to th  
 I am Fire,  
 I giue to b  
 Come ther  
 Farewell k  
 Haue I the  
 If thou, an  
 The stroke  
 Which hu  
 If thus thou  
 It is not we  
*Char.* I  
 The Gods  
*Cleo.* Th  
 If the first  
 Hee'l make  
 And golden  
 Which is n  
 With thy f  
 Of life at o  
 Be angry,  
 That I mig  
*Char.* C  
*Cleo.* Po  
 Dost thou  
 That sucke  
*Char.* C  
*Cleo.* A  
 O *Anthony*  
 What shou  
*Char.* I  
 Now beaft  
 A Laste vnp  
 And golden  
 Of eyes aga  
 Ile mend it  
*Ent*  
 1. *Guards*  
*Char.* S  
 1. *Cas.*  
*Char.* T  
 Oh come a  
 1. *Appre*  
 All's not w  
 2. *There*  
 1. *Wha*  
 Is this well  
*Char.* I  
 Descended  
 Ah Souldie  
*Dol.* H  
 2. *Guar*  
*Dol.* Ca  
 Touch thei  
 To see perfe  
 So fought  
*Ex*  
 All. A